

MODERN DANCING IS NOT A ROMP.

Society Leaders Sneer at Lady Ancaster and Her Criticism.

REIGNING BELLE'S VIEWS.

"She Knows Nothing About It," Says Mrs. Shaw, at Narragansett Pier.

COL. KIP LIKES YANKEE DANCERS.

Thinks the English Never Had the Polish of the French or the Grace of the American in a Ballroom.

The Countess of Ancaster, generally regarded in Great Britain as the most distinguished critic of the dance, has announced her conviction in the columns of the London Morning Post that dancing as it is today practiced in the ball and drawing room, has degenerated into nothing better than a romp. She asserts that grace is made subservient to gymnastics, and that dignity and decorum are sadly lacking. Lady Ancaster is a leader of England's most brilliant society, and is the coadjutor of several treaties on dancing to the Badminton Library.

Narragansett Pier, R. I., Aug. 1.—What does say Narragansett Pier think of the views of Countess Ancaster on dancing? The American Trouville does not agree with Lady Ancaster, as may be seen by the following opinions of Pier society people: "The reason Countess Ancaster made that remark, 'a graceful romp,' is because she is an English woman and does not know a thing about dancing herself," said Mrs. E. B. Shaw, of Chicago, one of the most admired of Narragansett's fairest belles. Mrs. Shaw is a graceful dancer and the very picture of grace and beauty at the Casino here, in which she is a regular participant, and thus far in the season a reigning belle.

Mr. Shaw, when asked his opinion, said that he had passed the winter abroad, and that dancing there could not compare with dancing in the United States. "American dancers," he said, "are the most graceful of the world, and dancing at Narragansett is by no means a graceless romp."

Dr. Leonard F. Pitkin, of New York City, who is a guest at the Rockingham, said there was a possibility of too much freedom in some modern dancing, but under proper conditions it was an innocent pastime. "Far from being a graceless romp, dancing is the very prettiest of motions," he said. "The disposition of all dancers is to keep step with the music, particularly in the inspiring two-step. I refuse the charge of graceless romps."

Dr. C. S. Lenox, of fashionable Lenox, Mass., who is summing here, said: "I do not consider dancing by any means graceful, but will say that many of the men at the Pier are poor dancers, but the belles of Narragansett Pier are very graceful. I object to the word 'romp' as used by Lady Ancaster, and do not think it applies to dancing. When people dance they do not romp."

At Highland Springs, N. Y., Aug. 1.—John G. Hecksher was chatting with Colonel Lawrence Kip in the parlors of the Earlton Hotel, when the latter said:

"In my opinion," he said, "the Countess is mistaken. There has been no degeneration in the manners of the English people of the better class. When I was in Europe a few years ago I had an opportunity to observe those in the Palace of White's set."

How the Careless Truckman Ran Down Miss Gleason.

It was a new bicycle, though the young woman is an expert rider. She was taking her first spin on it Saturday evening. Coming up Grand street she was nearing Scammel street when a truck driven by Julius Lurie turned that corner. She says that instead of using the right side of Grand street, Lurie made an abrupt turn and kept to the left curb. She could not get out of the way and was run down.

and I was impressed by their courtliness and bearing. Of course, the style has changed in dancing, as in most other things, but if the social set in which the Countess moves should decide to revive the minuet and other stately dances, the example would be followed by all English speaking people. It pleases me to see how our American girls are excelling the young women of England, and it is because they have greater liberty socially."

Colonel Kip acquiesced in what Mr. Hecksher said, but did not think the English ever had the polish of the French or the grace of the American.

FAMILY FENCE ROW.
Mrs. Hyatt's Daughter Married Mr. Ransom's Brother-in-Law and "Spite" Ensued.

Crowds of people went out of their way yesterday to gaze upon the first "spite fence" ever erected in the village of New town, L. I. It is between the homes of Mrs. Hannah Hyatt and Mr. Gordon Ransom, in Caramont Terrace, a little residence park near the Long Island Railroad station. The fence is eighteen feet high, but there is a fence higher than the fence between the Hyatts and the Ransoms, dating back several years, when Mrs. Hyatt's daughter married, against the will of her mother, the brother of Mr. Ransom's wife. Last May Mrs. Hyatt caused the arrest of Mr. Ransom on a charge of assault and he was discharged in the Newtown Police Court in June. He then brought suit for \$100 against Mrs. Hyatt for defamation of character, and Mrs. Hyatt retaliated by building the fence.

DRIVER THREATENED CYCLISTS.

His Horse Galloped and There Was No Light on the Buggy.

George Bahr, who conducts an express business at No. 9 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, drove a horse attached to a buggy at a gallop along Alexander avenue last evening, and frightened a number of bicyclists. There were many narrow escapes.

In addition to going rapidly, Mr. Bahr had also failed to place a light on his buggy. At One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street the man was arrested by Patrolman Bahr, and looked up in the Alexander Avenue Station.

STRANGE BICYCLE ACCIDENTS OF ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

Mrs. Ackerson Threatens to Get a Divorce Because Her Husband Won't Wheel.

Discord, unhappiness and marital misery have ridden into Frederick Ackerson's family on a wheel. Mr. Ackerson, a painter, lives in East Twenty-second street, Paterson. Ackerson weighs a hundred pounds, but he is a man of spirit. One-third of Mrs. Ackerson weighs a hundred pounds, so that her complete and statuesque self weighs, in toto, 300 pounds. Mrs. Ackerson is very much in love with wheeling.



Miss May Gleason, Run Down on Her Wheel by a Truck.

son is very much in love with wheeling. Her husband cares nothing for it. Mrs. Ackerson, weighing 300 pounds, incessantly thinks her preference should have some weight. Ackerson absolutely refuses to ride. He thinks he would look ridiculous on a tandem with his wife. Mrs. Ackerson offers to do all the pedaling, but, having a keen sense of the absurd, her husband refuses to ride. This difference of opinion may lead to the divorce court. Their quarrel about wheeling was very bitter yesterday.

"Let the four children take care of themselves," said Mrs. Ackerson, "and come out and ride with me; I will soon teach you."

"Ride with you!" exclaimed Ackerson. "I will not ride with you. People would stand and stare at us and say, 'There go the mousie and the cow.'"

It was not necessary for Ackerson, weighing a hundred pounds, to designate more accurately whom he meant by the mousie.

His wife, in a rage, flounced from his presence and put on her bicycle suit. When she returned her husband sneeringly remarked:

"You're a pretty sight in that rig. To see you on a wheel reminds me of a load of hay on a fence rail."

Mrs. Ackerson, intensely indignant, scolded away from the house, but the more she scolded the more heated she became.

"I'm going to get a divorce," she threatened when she returned.

Although he detests wheeling, Ackerson does his wife. Her threat alarmed him. He hurried to consult his lawyer, Richard Randall, who, having looked up the authorities, reassured Ackerson.

"Your wife has no grounds for divorce," said the lawyer. "There is no law in New Jersey or elsewhere that I can discover that compels a man to ride on a tandem with his wife."

STRICKEN ON HER WHEEL.
Mrs. Albee Fell Helplessly to the Ground While Riding, and Is in a Critical Condition from Paralysis.

Mrs. Pico Albee, a very pretty woman, started out on her wheel from her home at Vineland, N. J., on Saturday morning. She seemed to be in the best of health and was in high spirits. She was wheeling along Landis avenue and her attractive appearance interested the passers-by.

Persons watching her saw Mrs. Albee suddenly sway in her saddle. The wheel wobbled and her feet lost the pedals. She held on to the handle bars but soon lost all control of her legs. In a moment she fell heavily, nor could she raise herself from the ground. Those who raised her carried her home.

"I have no feeling in my legs," she exclaimed piteously. "They are numb."

Then she lost consciousness. The doctors who were called say she was suddenly stricken with paralysis, although they are at a loss to explain the cause of her strange affliction. Her recovery is extremely doubtful. Mrs. Albee is twenty-eight years old.

This Tandem Dashed Into a Post to Escape a Woman Pedestrian.

SIVELT FELLED SENSELESS.

The club run to Asbury Park of the Ironquits Wheelmen of Newark yesterday was marred by an accident as strange as it was dangerous. The club men were wheeling along the lower part of Main street at Matawan, N. J. One of them, Carl L. Sivel, was riding a tandem with a clubmate. Sivel was on the rear seat. They were riding at a rapid rate on the unpaved sidewalk when the man on the tandem's front seat saw a woman directly before him. He turned the handle bars so as to escape her. Sivel, however, did not see the woman nor did he know why his companion was steering so erratically. Sivel turned his handle bars in the opposite direction and the machine smashed into a post at the side of the walk with fearful force.

The post just grazed the man on the front seat, but it struck Sivel squarely on the face. He fell unconscious, the blood streaming from deep cuts on his head. He was picked up and carried into a house near by. A doctor was called, and he found that Sivel's forehead was split open from the line of his hair to the bridge of his nose, so that his skull shone like a mirror. His nose was broken and the roof of his mouth was cut almost in half.

"It's a miracle that you were not killed," said Dr. Decker when Sivel finally recovered his senses.

The injured man was taken to Newark on a train last night.

BANCED BOTTLES TOGETHER.

Which Aroused the Ire of Two Cyclists, Who Had the Boy Arrested.

Johnnie Nason, a lad of fifteen, who blurted out amid shouts that he resided with his "mommer and popper" at No. 107 West Twenty-sixth street, was brought to the West Third Street Station House last night by two middle-aged men, who handled their prisoner as if he were a criminal beyond redemption. They had found the boy amusing himself in Twenty-sixth street by marching through the gutter and smashing two empty beer bottles against each other with such force as to send portions of the bottles flying in every direction.

Although the boy didn't know it, he was doing something to arouse the danger of bicyclists generally and a thing that the manufacturers would appreciate from the bottom of their hearts. The two men saw him and concluded that it was dangerous to have him at large. The sergeant pleaded in behalf of the boy at the station house and they concluded that they would not care to appear against the offender in the morning. They would not leave the station, however, until the boy had been thrust into a cell for a few moments.

They say that they are bent upon ultimately reaching the gold fields of Alaska.

Biddle is the young man who figured so extensively in the case of Meyer, the dressmaker who is undergoing a life sentence imposed by Justice Smyth. He says he has friends in the West who will help him along on his trip. English has a brother, a jockey, in San Francisco, whom he expects to furnish the sinews of war to land him at the gold fields.

Awheel to San Francisco.
At 5:30 o'clock this morning two young men will start from in front of the Journal office awheel for San Francisco. They are Frank Biddle and Harry English, twenty-four and twenty-one years old respectively. They say that they are bent upon ultimately reaching the gold fields of Alaska.

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The wheelmen put up their wheels as security for their appearance this morning before Justice Steers in the Flatbush Police Court on Grant street.

RAID ON THE CYCLE PATH.
Brooklyn Police Round Up Scorchers, but Not Without a Lively Chase.

The police of the Prospect Park squad, headed by Captain McManara, yesterday afternoon threw out the drag net on the cycle path of the Ocean Parkway and captured eighteen scorchers. The sudden spurt of activity on the part of the police was occasioned by complaints that had reached the police early in the afternoon. It was estimated that there were thirty thousand wheels in procession on the path.

When Captain McManara and Cycle Police-men MacFarland, Downes, Hogan and Lass started down the road they found no trouble in finding scorchers. When the cry got on the path that a raid was to be made, the men spotted gave the police a lively chase, several leading them a mile race before they were captured.

The first capture was by Policeman Hogan, who took in four members of the Calumet Cycle Club, a colored organization of wheelmen. They were George H. Woodson, No. 416 West Thirty-sixth street; Charles H. Tobias, No. 145 West Thirty-second street; Winston Holmes, No. 512 West Fifty-fifth street; and John H. Spencer, No. 231 West Sixty-third street, this city. Then two other colored wheelmen were arrested, Edward Knapp and John Crawford, both of Tarrytown.

Then the dragnet for white folks was thrown out, and the following were arrested:

Frederick Williamson, No. 303 Madison street; Edgar Law, No. 119 Bedford avenue; John Baldwin, No. 127 Boerum place; Miles A. Ingraham, No. 359 Bedford avenue; William Kelly, No. 553 Sixth avenue; John Boyer, No. 112 Middleton street; Morris Reid, No. 124 Middleton street; Brooklyn Henry Sprague, No. 124 Third avenue; William Schreger, No. 273 Elerly street; Patrick Callan, No. 42 Gouverneur street; and Frederick and Charles Twees, No. 124 Fulton street, New York.

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RELEASED UNDER \$250 BAIL.
Miss May Gleason, Who is a Parasol-maker, Had Saved for Months to Get Money for Her Bicycle.

To the Cycling Public:
Report any accident to a cyclist resulting from the recklessness or malice of a driver to

EMMET J. MURPHY,
The Journal's Bicycle Attorney,
Room 79, Tribune Building,
N. B.—Bring names and addresses of eyewitnesses.

Miss May Gleason had a narrow escape on Saturday evening. She went out to try her new bicycle and returned to her home at No. 304 East Broadway ten minutes later with bruised limbs, torn skirt and a broken wheel. She had been run down ruthlessly, and she believes deservedly, by a truck driver named Julius Lurie.

It was about 11 o'clock when Miss Gleason started from her home, accompanied by her friend, Mammie Lane. Her wheel, to buy which she had been hoarding her savings for months, had arrived from the shop only an hour before. She is an accomplished rider, but until Saturday evening she had never possessed a wheel that she could call her own.

Her parents and some friends stood on the steps of her home to watch her start out.

May Gleason, on Her New Wheel, Deliberately Run Down by a Driver.

LURIE FOUGHT TO ESCAPE.

Speeded His Horses After They Had Bruised the Girl and Ruined Her Wheel.

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Her parents and some friends stood on the steps of her home to watch her start out.

"Good luck!" they cried. "Don't stay long." And she didn't.

It seemed to them that only a second had passed when they heard cries and saw a crowd gathering just where Scammel and Grand streets meet.

"We took a turn around the block and then came up Grand street," said Miss Gleason yesterday. "We were riding at a very moderate pace, when suddenly around the corner from Scammel street came a heavy truck, filled with furniture. It was on the wrong side of the way. I rang my bell frantically, but the man stolidly kept on. Then I screamed to him. Still he kept on, but which she had been hoarding her savings for months, had arrived from the shop only an hour before. She is an accomplished rider, but until Saturday evening she had never possessed a wheel that she could call her own.

Seeing the damage he had done, the man whipped up his horses and tried to escape, but John Galt, an undertaker, assisted by two or three witnesses of the accident, sprang to the girl's rescue. Soon then the driver made desperate efforts to get away. Dozens of people surrounded him, reinforced by a couple of policemen. Finally he was overpowered, arrested and taken to the Madison street station. There he said he was twenty-five years of age and lived at No. 12 Hester street, at Essex Market.

The accused, whose name was released on \$250 bail and the case adjourned until today.

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REYNOLDS ON BICYCLE SKATES.
Was Too Fleet for Punctured with Woman's Favorite Weapon.

Something new on cushion tires appeared on the Boulevard yesterday morning. It was a man riding on bicycle skates. The man was Earle Reynolds, the champion ice and roller skater, and he created a sensation.

Reynolds made his appearance on the Boulevard shortly before noon. He came across One Hundred and Sixth street from the Park, having skated up from the Netherlands Hotel at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue. The steep grade between Manhattan avenue and Columbus avenue, on One Hundred and Sixth street, offered no obstacles to him, and when he reached the Boulevard and turned north he was going at the rate of about ten miles an hour. Immediately every cyclist on the road started after him, and he led them all a merry chase to Grant's tomb, where he explained the mechanism of the skate to numerous bicyclists.

The bicycle skate has many points in common with the old roller skate, but Reynolds claims it is far superior in construction. Instead of four small boxwood wheels, as the roller skate has, the bicycle skate has two large pneumatic-tired wheels, one placed in front of and one behind the body proper of the skate. The axles of the wheels are equipped with ball bearings, and Reynolds says there is absolutely no effort in propelling them.

Of course, the skates run best on asphalt, but the young man who is exploiting them claims they are far easier of locomotion on a dirt road than a bicycle is. Fancy skating is possible with the bicycle skate, as Reynolds evinced yesterday by forming figure eights, grapevines and other standard designs of skaters on the smooth asphalt pavement of One Hundred and Sixth street. The mode of propulsion with ice skates.

Reynolds is quite confident that the bicycle skate will prove a formidable rival of the bicycle. He claims that skating is far less tiresome than pedaling, and advances as an argument in favor of the skates that when the roads are bad the wearer of them can take them off and carry them without discomfort. They are less likely to suffer damage, he asserts, and can be repaired easier and cheaper than a bicycle can. In any event the bicycle skate is attracting interest.

Remains in Harness.
East Northfield, Mass., August 1.—When interviewed this afternoon over the report that Dwight L. Moody was to give up active work and be succeeded by Rev. W. M. Patterson, of Toronto, the evangelist laughed and said:

"There is nothing in it."

Patterson never was connected with the Northfield work, and there never was a time when so much was under way as now. Mr. Moody is in the best of health.

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RACED ON THE BOULEVARD

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Earle Reynolds, the Bicycle Skater, on the Boulevard.

Wheelmen had a new and swift competitor yesterday. A young man with skates clamped to his feet glided past them with long, easy strokes. The skates had two wheels each, were rubber tired and equipped with ball bearings. On the way to Grant's Tomb Reynolds raced against single wheels and tandems and set a fast pace for all.

With apparent ease he glided all around bicycle riders, seemingly without any more effort than is usually exerted by a man in walking.

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Two Girls Had Their Tires Punctured with Woman's Favorite Weapon.

A REMARKABLE BLUNDER.

Quartermaster Sent to Disconnect the Shaft While Steam Was On.

BUT ONE OF MANY MISHAPS.

A List That Shows the Vaunted War Craft to Be Formidable Only to Himself.

The double turreted monitor Puritan, which was hailed as the "pride of the navy" when she was at last put into commission, after being in the stocks for two decades, is now fast acquiring the sobriquet of "the hoodoo." Her very latest mishap occurred Saturday, when the shifting of her rudder was wrecked. Most of the heavy work on board the Puritan is done by hydraulic power, but she has steam steering gear. A small wheel in the combined pilot house and chart room connects with the steam steering gear in a chamber below the water line. Saturday Quartermaster Hawkes was directed to go down to detach the steam steering gear from the other supplementary steering apparatus. He descended into the chamber and pulled out the crankpin which connects the inboard and outboard shafting. In the instant the place was filled with escaping steam and the steel shaft whirled around horizontally like a paper pin wheel. The roller castings were smashed and various other parts of her steam steering engine attachments cracked and broken. Hawkes groped his way out as fast as he could, and beyond the shock and a few burns he is uninjured. It was said on the Puritan yesterday that no name Quartermaster.

Hawkes, as he was informed that the steam had been shut off, the time the Puritan's compasses were being adjusted.

The ship is then swung around so as to bring her head successively on each of the thirty-two points of the compass. To do this it is necessary to turn on the steam from the low pressure, attaining when at anchor to a sufficient pressure to swing her head around. That was being done when Hawkes, unaware of it, tried to disconnect the steam steering gear.

The new rudder castings have been ordered from William Brothers, of Philadelphia, but it will be a month before the Puritan is ready for regular sea service. She will be towed back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard at once. The last mishap will cost the Government about \$5,000.

The Puritan blew out an attachment to her whistle a week previously and went about the bay tooting necessarily like a small boy on Fourth of July. A week ago today she was firing practice shells from her quarter of big twelve-inch turret guns when one shell got stuck in the breech and could not be budged for hours. A few weeks ago a boatswain climbed into one of the turrets armed with a razor and slashed himself in a futile attempt at suicide. On July 1, while thirty men were working in the boiler room the fires were started preparatory to a test of her machinery, which had been undergoing repairs. Suddenly there was a deafening explosion, the room was filled with steam, and the men made a mad dash for the doors leading to the main deck. The crown sheet of one of her boilers had blown out. Last March she broke down at sea. Nearly every journal was burned out and the rudder and shafts were out of alignment. The cruise Columbia was sent in search of her, four

the first of the riders reached the Mansion House, at New Brunswick, they were among the missing. "Something has surely happened," said the gallant wheelmen.

"We must return to their rescue."

As they were about to start the two young women came peering up Albany street. Miss Jacobs had twisted the lurking halpin around the handle bar as trophy. "This halpin ran into my fire," she explained, "and we had to stop to mend the puncture." Then the run proceeded, the wheelmen laughing at the

poetic justice that drove a halpin into the tire of a woman's wheel.

THEY MET HEAD-ON.
Thomas Dodd May Die as a Result of Colliding with Hermann Shaw.

Thomas Dodd, of No. 227 Fairmount avenue, and Hermann Shaw, of No. 139 Pearl avenue, Jersey City, were riding on the Hudson County Boulevard until after midnight on Saturday. Unfortunately for themselves, they were riding in opposite directions. Near McAdoo avenue they collided. Dodd was hurled to the macadam pavement and was taken to the City Hospital. It is feared his skull is broken. Shaw was not seriously hurt, and went home. Both wheels were smashed.

RODE NON-UNION SADDLE.
Central Labor Union Bicyclist Covered with Confusion at the Discovery.

While the meeting of the Central Labor Union was going on yesterday Delegate John F. Maher, of the Liberty Dawn Association of Cochen, appeared in bicycle costume and brought a bicycle into the hall with him. Delegate Daly, of the metal polishers, examined the wheel and then shouted:

"There is a delegate here who rides a wheel with a scab saddle."

"Who?" "Where?" said several delegates. "I must be the man," said Delegate Maher. A laugh followed, as Maher is a great stickler for trades unionism.

"Well, it's my first offense," he continued, "and I give you my word that I did